

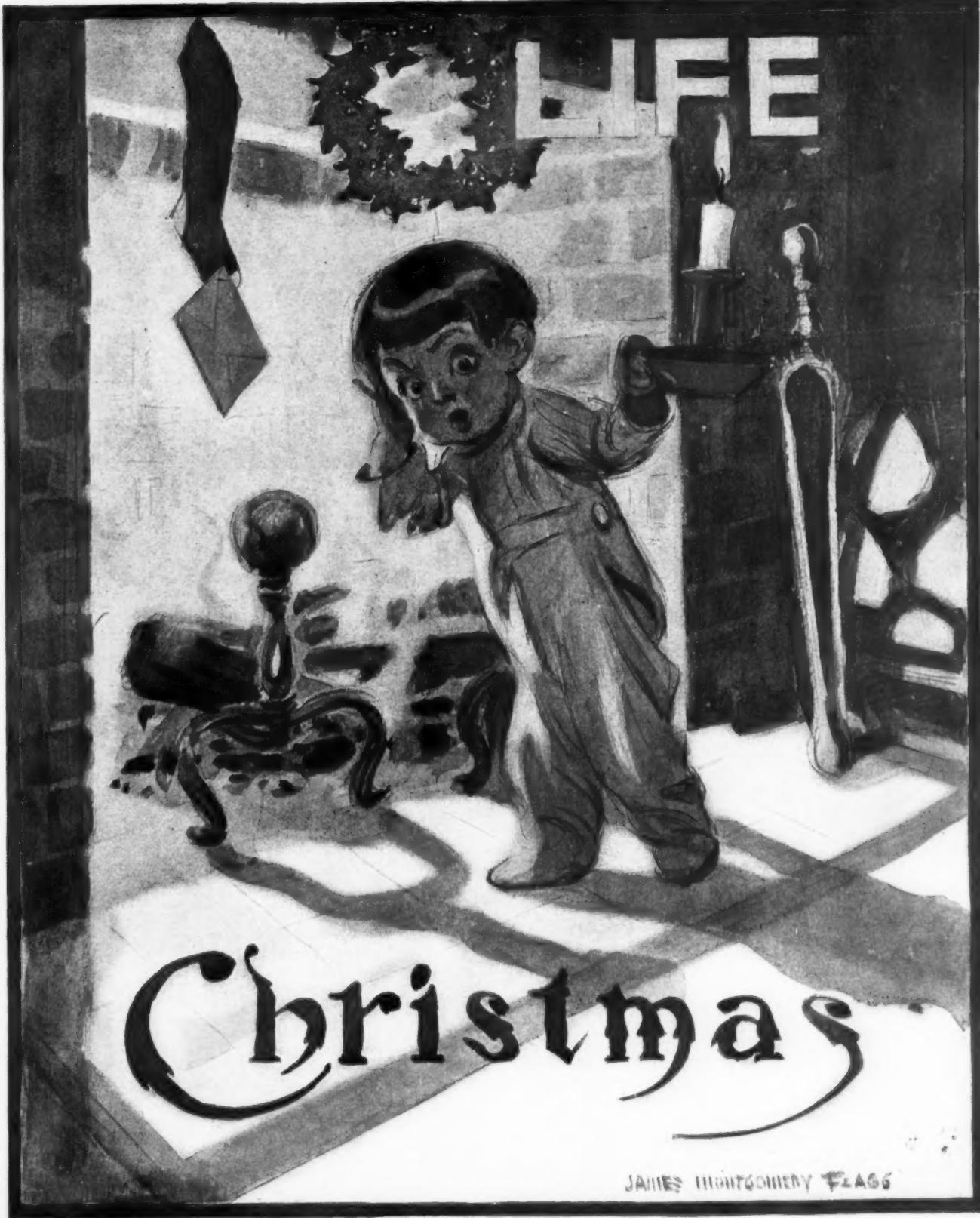
5, 1909

Madeline Olub

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DECEMBER 23, 1909

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY



You settle the tire question when you select your automobile.

PREVENTION OF TROUBLE rather than expensive ways to fix up after the trouble has happened is what you want. And that is the Franklin method.

Reliable tire equipment instead of extra tires is our plan.

The proportion of tire size and strength to the automobile is purely a mechanical question, subject to exactly the same treatment as construction questions in any other part of the automobile; i. e., the tires should be large enough and strong enough, with margin to spare, to do the work.

It is probably true that some automobiles are so heavy that tires cannot be obtained that are large enough to properly do the work. Others are so stiff and rigid that their tires get undue punishment.

Light and flexible, the Franklin is easy on any tires—it has always been noted for that—and now all Franklin models with their large wheels have extra large tires so that tire trouble is not a factor.

Our tire sizes for 1910 are: Model H, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

Compare these sizes with the sizes of tires on other automobiles and you will find that our tires are larger even than used on most of the heavy automobiles.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile are a reasonable, sensible proposition. They are durable, economical and efficient. It is the only practical solution of tire trouble. The fact that the tires give so much better service proves their economy and reliability. Tire trouble and useless tire expense are avoided. The danger of puncture by nails is much less. The tires are large and thick; the automobile is light—the force that drives a nail through a tire is the weight of the automobile. Punctures by striking a stone at speed are eliminated because the automobile cannot drive the rim against the stone and break the fabric or rupture the inner tube. The tires are not overloaded.

Franklin tire equipment is so reliable that it is not necessary to carry extra tires.

Remember that extra tires are carried because of blow-outs and not because of punctures.

Ordinary tire equipment is ruined by blow-outs. Proper equipment does not blow out. The tires wear out.

That the Franklin has advantages for tire economy over other automobiles is well known. With its full-elliptic springs and flexible construction the strain on the tires is minimized. They do not have to take all the force of road shocks; the springs and the laminated-

wood chassis frame absorb their share. Then the Franklin is light-weight. Mr. M. A. Michelin, the noted tire manufacturer of France, has shown that every five per cent increase in the weight of an automobile increases the wear and tear on the tires fifteen per cent.

The time to take care of tire trouble and insure economy in tire expense is when you select your automobile. The way to do that is to buy a Franklin. No other automobile offers similar advantages.

The Franklin air-cooling system for 1910 is the sensation of the year.

OUR NEW COOLING SYSTEM marks an important era in automobile history. It removes every objection, real or fancied, that ever existed against air cooling and places Franklin air cooling in the unchallenged lead.

The simplicity and efficiency of this new cooling system are indeed wonderful. The engine cylinders have vertical flanges. Around each cylinder close to the flanges is a sheet-metal air jacket open at the top and bottom. These jackets with their extended base form with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is the suction-fan engine fly wheel, a new invention. This fly-wheel fan draws the air in large volume, through the air jackets, down around each cylinder, through the air-tight compartment. Air that passes one cylinder does not pass any other cylinder. Each cylinder is individually cooled, and each has an equal and large supply of fresh air. The front fan formerly used is dispensed with so that the cooling system is absolutely free of working parts or complications of any sort.

Compare the Franklin air-cooling system and the water-cooling system with its many mechanical elements and complication. Our system cannot fail to work. There is nothing to get out of order, while the water system, with its fan, pump, radiator, soldering, packing and piping, is subject to disablement, leakage and freezing.

You can if you wish satisfy yourself that under severe work the Franklin engine cools perfectly when many water-cooled engines give trouble from overheating.

Franklin air cooling is positively the best cooling system because it works perfectly under all conditions of roads and climate. It is the simplest system and therefore the most reliable.

"At one hotel in the mountainous country, during a stop for luncheon I saw six high-class, water-cooled cars come in overheated while my Franklin was not abnormally heated at any time.
"Sept. 29, 1909. Hudson Maxim."

Regardless of what automobile you own or favor, our special edition catalogue de luxe, probably the handsomest automobile book ever made, will interest you. It is sent only on request. Write for it.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY SYRACUSE N Y

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Get the Life Print Habit.



"I'm having mine now."

Every Dog Has His Day

And the great question naturally arises,

**Have Some of the Pictures in Your House
Outgrown Their Usefulness and Hung
Too Long in One Spot?**

You know it's an old idea, or rather a notion, not to change things around much.

Ridiculous, isn't it, when you come to think of it?

But we all do it. We come home to the same arrangement year in and year out. We're mentally lazy. We don't realize what it means to

Wake Up!

But the truth is that each one of us owes a duty to himself. And this duty is to keep himself fresh. One of the greatest artists in this country—a man who has done more for our interior home decorations than any other American—made a rule to change his pictures around every week or so. It gave him a new start.

Try it and see. You'll be surprised at the result. It will give you new ideas. Take that old etching handed down by your grandfather out of the front hall, and put it in the corner of the living room. Move that landscape from the library into the upstairs hall. Shuffle up the photos on your bureau and try

A New Deal

Remember, that all of these things are a part of your unconscious mental furniture. When the same old vibrations strike you in the same old place day after day they wear a rut in your mind.

You'll do better work outside of your home if you rustle things around occasionally inside.

To do this, get a few of our prints and try placing them around. They will give you a new sensation. By and by you will want to change them. Do it.

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THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST.
Photo-Gravure, 13½ x 16 in. 50 cents.



ARMS AND THE MAN.
Facsimile in Color, 11 x 14 in. \$1.00.

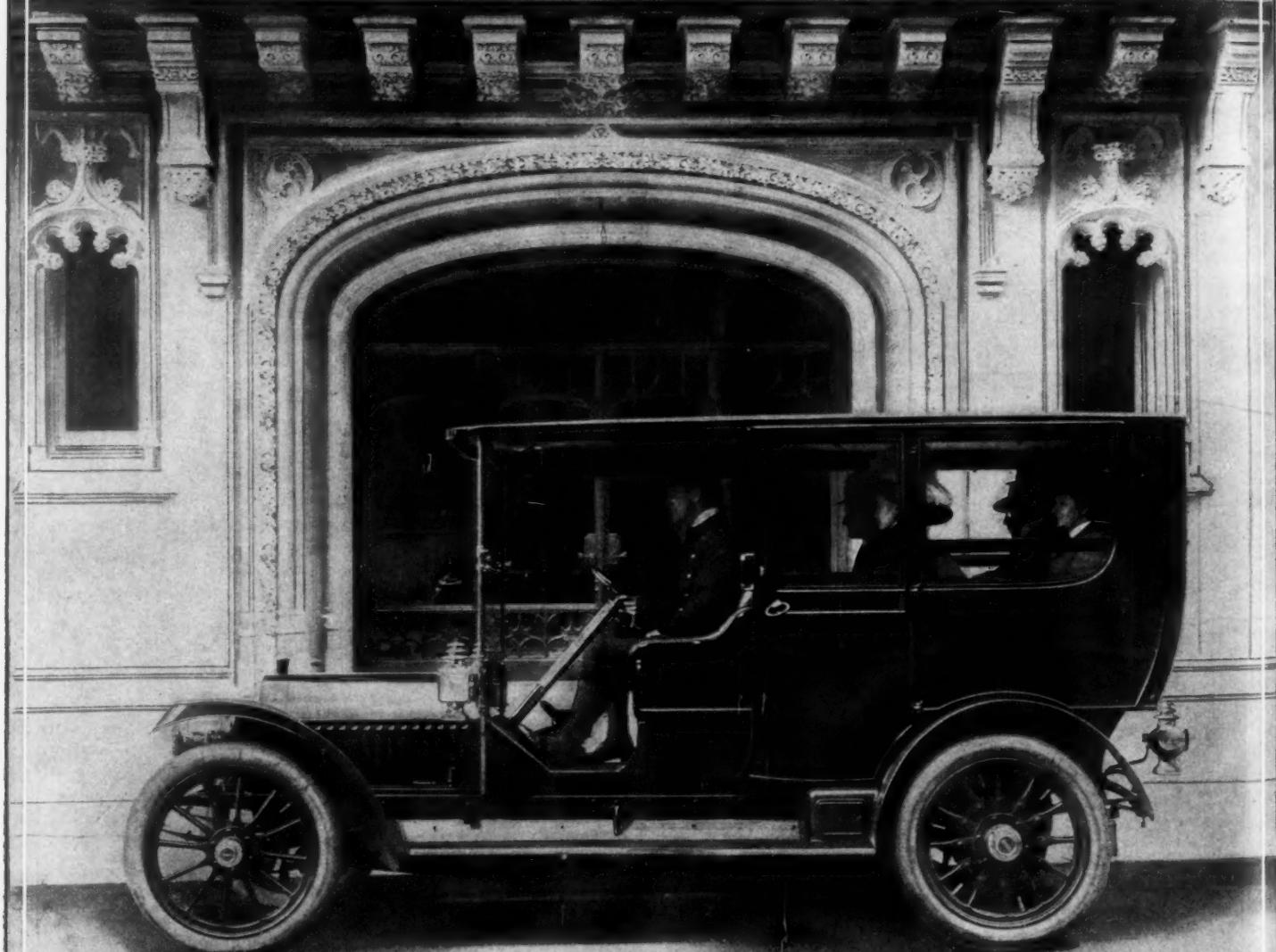
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LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.
Photo-Gravure, 13½ x 16 in. 50 cents.

•LIFE•

The "30"
Locomobile



The Locomobile Co. of America
New York Bridgeport Conn. Boston
Philadelphia San Francisco Chicago
LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT





The Wolf.

Love.

The Devil.

COMMON TO ALL OF US



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. DECEMBER 23, 1909 No. 1417

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THERE has been a good deal in the papers about Mr. William Watson, an English poet, said to be deserving, who lately came to these shores to make a visit. Inasmuch as our newspapers seldom excite themselves unduly about poets as such, we have been curious to learn by what title Mr. Watson lately held so conspicuous a place in the head lines of our organs of information. It appears that he came here with a grievance against the Asquith family, the male representative of which is at present the head of the British Government. We understand that Mr. Watson accuses the Asquiths, and especially the ladies of the family, of not playing fair in politics, but of accomplishing by private detraction in drawing rooms things political that ought not to be accomplished at all.

As to the merits of Mr. Watson's charges it would be foolhardy in LIFE to have an opinion, but whereas the embattled poet seems to have rather scandalized our countrymen by venturing to fight with women, it is suggested that, as to that, it is quite possible to do him injustice, since English women are much more interpolative in politics than American women are, and it is much more a matter of course in England than it is here to hit back at women who have hit out.

This theory helps us to an understanding of the suffragette movement in England. We don't know whether it is a sound theory or not, but certainly the contemporary British suffragette insists resolutely on being drubbed, and possibly the Asquith

ladies feel in their hearts the same aspiration, and are privately grateful to Mr. Watson for affording them the joys of combat, even though they have to cable over here to get their share. Our late President disclosed in a signal instance that ladies who intrigue in politics cannot always avoid a showdown.



THE infernal intrigue to discredit the polar exploits of our Dr. Cook continues with wonderful thickenings of the plot and extraordinary disclosures. Disbelievers in the validity of Dr. Cook's claims say that the trouble is that the rogues whom the doctor hires won't stay bought because he does not pay them. Believers in Cook declare that the machinations of his enemies are incredible in their malevolent ingenuity.

On December ninth the *Times* printed affidavits from two men who said that they had made up for Dr. Cook in New York a set of astronomical calculations suitable to accompany the papers which he has sent to Copenhagen, and which he did not know how to figure out for himself. The doctor is reported to be resting his nerves at present in a sanatorium in Maine. His believers say "No wonder!" His detractors cynically suggest that he is writing up his confession, which will be, they say, the most valuable story he has produced yet, and worth a very large sum of money to the newspaper that shall be the first to print it, and to the fortunate publisher who is able to buy the right to sell it in the form of a book. The doctor and his backers are resourceful men. "How I Fooled the Folks" ought to sell even better than "How I Found the Pole"; especially since Commander Peary's book will not in any way compete with it.



ON December 8 the Board of Education of New York voted overwhelmingly to abolish football in the

League of the Public Schools after January 1. The papers narrated that on the same day Dr. Lowell of Harvard and Dr. Hadley of Yale were in consultation in Cambridge with Experts Walter Camp of Yale and P. Houghton of Harvard to determine whether the life of the game of football could be prolonged by an operation on its rules. It will have to be a capital operation, dealing boldly with the very vitals of the game, if it is to do any lasting good.

The only question that remains about football is whether it is to be suppressed as an incorrigible sport or can be allowed to live on, humbly, on probation, under suspended sentence, until further tests can be made of its ability to lead a better life.

The disgust with it is not at all noisy, but is curiously wide and deep. As a spectacle the game has never been quite so popular as this year. But more people still stay away from football games than go to them, and the more thoughtful among those who go and those who stay away concur with remarkable unanimity in the conviction that American football, as played, is a dead duck.



MR. BALLINGER is still Secretary of the Interior in spite of the labors of *Collier's Weekly*, but it does not necessarily follow that the labors of *Collier's* have been in vain. They may have been immensely stimulating to Mr. Ballinger's vigilance in defense of the people's property in coal mines and water sites.

General Diaz is still President of Mexico in spite of what the *American Magazine* has said and is going to say about him and his government. We believe General Diaz has been a great President for Mexico and a great promoter of civilization there. Nevertheless the *American Magazine* may do much good by letting in light—even though it is red light—into the dark places of the Diaz government. That government, remember, has no strong, free opposition, and Mexico, we suppose, has no strong, free and fearless newspaper. Publicity that is to do good there must come from the outside, but the stories must be true.



"I GUESS SANTA CLAUS ONLY REMEMBERS GIRLS WITH FANCY STOCKINGS."

Joke on Mr. Erlanger

A ST. LOUIS parson named Mauze has been preaching a sermon about the Theatrical Trust. The *St. Louis Republic* says:

Discussing what he termed the slime and stench and stupidity of the present stage, he stigmatized the Theatrical Trust as "mercenary leeches who control and are responsible for these conditions."

"Brains," he declared, "are not an asset of this firm. It has gained its absolute domination of the stage by force and intimidation. Bulldozing local managers, who now simply take the shows sent to them and do their best to draw crowds; boycotting weak newspapers, robbing critics of their livelihood, browbeating playwrights, blacklisting actors, they have frozen out the independent managers with the competitive scheme of old."

"The independent manager, or the plain-spoken playwright, or the fearless actor is more of a rarity than the anti-trust dealers in oil, beef, sugar or coal. The manager, the playwright, or the actor who does not crook his knee to the man who loves to be known as the Napoleon of the stage must pay the penalty of being boycotted."

"In this scheme the new playwright is an atom compared with the press agent. The thousand ways by which he fools the public has raised the craft of the press agent far above the art of the dramatist. The chorus girl who gets her picture printed often by cutting strange capers and being the talk of the lobster palaces ranks above the actor who is content to stand on his merits in the performance."

"This stuff is put on the stage not because people want it, but because the depraved taste of the theatrical syndicate thinks the public ought to demand it that their pockets may be filled."

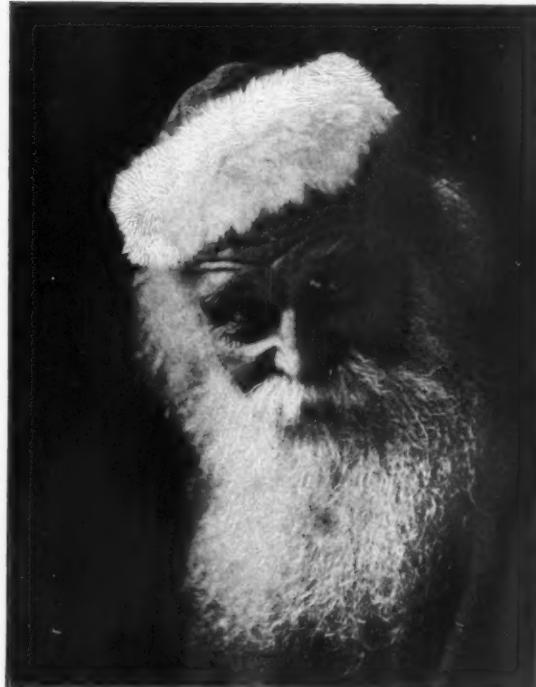
"The chief explanation for the blight which has stricken the dramatic art of our country is the work of the cheap

and short-sighted crew who dominate the drama through the Theatrical Trust, the incompetents who have the arrogance and effrontery to say that the play is not art, but commerce, with neither education nor morality as its aim."

It is said that Mr. Erlanger was not pleased with these remarks and that when they were called to his attention he indulged in some top-lofty talk about suing the preacher for slander.

The Reverend Mr. Mauze evidently belongs to the church militant, for the Erlangerian threats only stirred him up to calling Mr. Erlanger's attention to the existence of certain ordinances in St. Louis which might easily be enforced and which would cut off quite a flow of dollars to the Trust treasury.

The joke on Mr. Erlanger is that he hasn't enough influence in the Presbyterian Church to drive Mr. Mauze out



IT GIVES US PLEASURE TO PRESENT OUR READERS WITH THE FIRST PICTURE OF SANTA CLAUS EVER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

of his job. He doesn't advertise in the Presbyterian Church, so he can't threaten to cut off his advertising. He could not successfully exclude all Presbyterians from his theatres. He couldn't very well build opposition Presbyterian churches to compete with those already in business. He can't black-list their preachers and deprive them of their means of livelihood. His political alliance with Tammany leaders can hardly be made effective against the Presbyterian Church. And he can hardly expect the Jewish race in America to boycott the Presbyterian Church on the ground that it is Jew-baiting Mr. Erlanger.

Wills and Generosity

"THE Lesson of a Great Generosity," is the title of a piece in the *Outlook* about the late John S. Kennedy and his will.

But "generosity" seems hardly the right word to apply to dispositions of property by will. Very likely Mr. Kennedy was a generous man. He gave very freely in his lifetime, and was an honored and respected Scotsman; but in his will he was no more generous than Uncle Russell Sage, who, like Mr. Kennedy, left everything he had to posterity.

A man may show noble qualities in his will. He may leave bequests that show love, forgiveness, far-reaching solicitude for the welfare of those who come after him, but he can hardly be generous with what will no longer be his when its disposition is determined. So wills are a test, not so much of a testator's generosity, as of his intelligence, and so, happily, we may look for good wills from men who are not generous at all but are intelligent.

Mr. Harriman left a huge estate, and every dollar of it to his wife. That did not mean that he was ungenerous, but simply that he was cut down while all his energies were still engrossed in the work of which his fortune was one result, and before he had any chance to go into the matter of distribution. He had to pass that duty along to those who came after him. Mr. Sage had no gift at all for distribution, and left all that to Mrs. Sage. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have been conspicuously solicitous to get all that was coming to them, and have struck many hard bargains in getting it. Neither of them could readily qualify as a generous man. And yet we look for very interesting and intelligent wills from both of them. They will let go of huge piles of money, and they will want that money to count in their favor after they get through with it; and having leisure for the job and great experience they will probably make wise and interesting and profitable wills.



Apparent Breach of Etiquette in Georgia

IT seems to us that our good friends at Hawkinsville, Georgia, were overhasty in burning at the stake the Rev. John Havard, colored, for shooting William D. Booth. It is impossible to find a basis of good judgment for the burning in the story as the papers hereabouts have printed it. They relate that the



"I LIKE NOT FAIR TERMS AND A VILLAIN'S MIND."

Rev. Havard driving his team of young mules home from Hawkinsville met Brown, a merchant, speeding toward him in his automobile. Havard's mules were scared, but Brown did not slow up. Havard remonstrated and both men drew pistols and began to shoot. Both were hit. Brown hurried, wounded, to Hawkinsville in his auto and roused his friends, who called for Havard at his house, took him, wounded, to the scene of the shooting, tied him to a stake and burned him up.

This does not look like a square deal for Havard. To swoop down the road in an auto on a team of young mules comes very close to being assault with intent to kill. Anything that the Rev. Mr. Havard may have said to Mr. Brown under such circumstances must be considered justifiable. Both men seem to have shot freely. Havard said that Brown hit him twice before he began to shoot. That may be untrue, but the story as it stands makes Brown and his friends appear like cowardly persons who ought to be in jail waiting a prompt trial for murder and with a fair prospect of being hanged.

Will our Georgia friends please send us a revised version of this story, telling what a bad character Havard was, and how old and docile his mules were, and that Brown was only going eight or ten miles an hour and did slow up to pass Havard!

"Barbarous Mexico"

A WRITER in the *Bankers' Magazine* is much exercised about the articles in the *American Magazine* called "Barbarous Mexico." The articles (by Mr. Turner) tell of some appalling abuses

that are going on in Mexico, especially anent the expatriation of the Yaqui Indians to Yucatan, and the system of agriculture by slave labor in the Valle Nacional. Mr. Turner tells of barbarities that are almost incredible in their ferocity. Fifteen hundred contract slaves a year, he says, are driven to the Valle Nacional, and all but a very few individuals of them are worked to death and actually die in the course of eight months.

The *Bankers' Magazine* writer wants the use of the mails forbidden to the *American Magazine* containing these pieces, because, he says, the pieces and the pictures that go with them are lies, and because they hurt trade between this country and Mexico, imperil the Monroe Doctrine and hurt our investment in the Panama Canal.

These reasons are all bad except the first. If the articles are not true, the writer of them and the publisher also might doubtless go to jail to good advantage as libellers of Mexico. But if the articles are true President Diaz will doubtless be grateful to Mr. Turner for calling his attention to things that ought to be attended to.

Meanwhile, since the articles are very inflaming to the emotions we should like to know whether Mr. Turner is a writer of accurate veracity or an affinity of Upton Sinclair.

Tariff Troubles

"I SEE that Teddy has sent into this country a large consignment of lions, tigers, etc. I presume he will have to pay regular tariff duty on them?"

"Oh, no. They will come in as free roar material."



COMFORTING THE SICK

Louise Jebb: AND TELL TOM NOT TO WORRY ABOUT ME.
Mary: I DID. HE SAID HE WOULDN'T.
"THE HORRID BRUTE!"

Business Troubles

SANTA CLAUS, formerly and for many years a well known and popular distributor of juvenile happiness, is a voluntary bankrupt.

Santa Claus was probably the biggest advertiser in the trade, and while his winning personality and unique methods enabled him to build up a large and apparently successful business, his predilection to expensive chimneys and repeated failures to "deliver the goods" undoubtedly cost him the loyalty of a certain class of patrons, though a few continued to trust him.

While the old fellow is known to have had pretty hard sledding for some time, the direct cause of the failure was inability to adjust himself to modern conditions and success-

fully cope with infantile skepticism and growing parental competition.

His assets consisting of good will (subject to considerable shrinkage), an antiquated sleigh, and a few old reindeer that would shy at a toy auto, will be sold at public auction December 25, at 4 a. m., to satisfy several million small claims against the estate.

W. F. R.

Brothers!

KIND MAN: Madam, won't you take this seat?
LADY: I cannot deceive you, but I am a suffragette.
KIND MAN: Then sit in my lap.

A WOMAN who is improved by paint needs it so badly that nothing can make her attractive.



THE FIRST MISTLETOE

Popular Birthdays

ELDRIDGE THOMAS GERRY

Born Dec. 25, 1857

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.
—Horace.

There have been rumors for years that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is not what it should be. For ourselves we have always been reluctant to believe this, and we are more impelled on this occasion to congratulate its president on the completion of a great work.

Mr. Gerry, it seems to us to be appropriate that you were born on Christmas Day. We are glad to welcome you to our chosen company of Immortals and to wish you joy for many years to come.

GEORGE DEWEY

Born Dec. 26, 1837

Adversae nudare solent, celare secundae.
—Horace.

Why should we commiserate the apparent obscurity of a never forgotten hero? Suppose that the paens of joy that echoed down Broadway after the battle of Manila Bay should have been continued daily down to the present time? Could anything be more horrible? It is enough that a modest hero won a notable battle; that his return was celebrated by pageant and poetry (and such poetry!) and it is enough that the memory of his victory lies quietly in every heart and that he still lives among us comporting himself with true dignity.

Admiral Dewey, it gives us pleasure to recall your many virtues, no less renowned in peace than in war, and we congratulate you upon arriving at another birthday without notable incident.

WOODROW WILSON

Born Dec. 28, 1856

Non scholae, sed vitae discimus.
—Seneca.

If any one should start out in life with the fixed ambition to be eminently respectable, we can conceive of nothing that he could wish for more than to be the president of Princeton University. One must not only be sober and industrious but one must have all those other virtues which are demanded by that virtuous institution.

We confess that we have never been able to compose ourselves fully, or to think without awe of this exalted position. Our words of felicitation therefore, upon this occasion, must necessarily be halting.

Bless you, sir, and keep you in health and understanding. We wish you a long life. We trust that we may continue to benefit by your influence. This and all those other expressions which we ought to have made we declare to you are the honest desire of our heart.

SIMON GUGGENHEIM

Born Dec. 30, 1867

Curia pauperibus clausa est; dat census honores.
—Ovid.

Great are the Guggenheims; and not the least of them is Senator Simon. We might, sir, with justice, speak of you in terms that are so often used nowadays by reviewers in describing a book. You are compelling; you are full of vital interest; you teem with life, and you have a rich vein.

Here's hoping that money will not enslave you, nor politics lead your feet astray; that in your youth you may continue to expand.

Beyond the Sea

B EYOND the sea the lion ceases roaring,
On Africa's coral strand,
A respite glad his health is now restoring,
For Teddy leaves his land.

Beyond the sea the jungle monkeys chatter
And say that things look bright;
The tiger, gnu, rhinoceros, don't scatter
And refuge take in flight.

Beyond the sea there's much contented
grunting,
The wild hyena laughs;
The elephant has trumpeted: "No hunting!
And no more photographs!"

Beyond the sea the tom-toms are
a-thrumming
Farewell to Theodore;
All Africa with business is now hum-
ming,
Dried up the trail of gore.
He will not change for monkeys, lions,
tigers,
The empire of the West,
Sweet Oyster Bay's cool plunge for tor-
rid Niger's,
The man who knows no rest.
Walter Beverley Crane.



"KISS ME GWICK, GURLS."



The Public Pulse

THE most popular part of the public is its pulse. The populace may peregrinate wheresoever it will so long as its pulse may be properly placed. Preachers pray for it. Politicians plug for it. Publishers probe for it. And promoters pry after it.

Solons sigh to seize the public pulse. Fictionists are frantic to finger it. Editors are eager to examine it. Harpies hurry to harmonize with it. Legislators like to locate it. Actors actually adore it.

Supreme success surrounds and supports the souls who solve the public pulse.

Ellis O. Jones.

A Literary Catastrophe

"HEAR about Perkins? Pretty tough."

"No. What?"

"The poor fellow dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word and split his infinitive."

THERE are two distinct angles from which we all look at life, the one while we are doing things we ought not and the other when we get caught.

The Sweet Uses of Adversity

YOU can wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with visitors. You are not persecuted to stand sponsor. Begging letter writers will let you alone. Impostors know it is useless to try and bleed you. You can practice temperance. You are not foolishly flattered. You save many a debt, and many a headache. Finally, if you have a true friend, you'll find it out.

Peradventure

MORE truth than poetry, Omar, you wrote
In that famed verse I'm strongly moved to quote:
"A hair perhaps divides the false and true——"
A hair, wife-found upon a husband's coat!



Mr. Maugham to the Fore Again



EXCEPTIONALLY clever as Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is in picking out a fairly humorous idea, in selecting nicely amusing types and fitting them with politely funny lines and mildly hilarious situations, it must be admitted that he spreads his butter pretty thin. In quantity his comedies are a very scant evening's entertainment. In London they would fit in very nicely with a curtain riser. Here we do not demand our money's worth when we go to the theatre so, by beginning late and making the intermissions generously long, Mr. Maugham's audiences are dismissed in time to be the earliest comers at the supper restaurants.

It seems as though the author was practicing a very nice and, from his point of view, wise economy of dramatist's ideas. In the case of "Penelope" one is conscious of having been agreeably entertained but leaving the table with the appetite not quite satisfied. The piece is like a luncheon consisting of a small cup of very clear soup, an omelet soufflé with potatoes julienne, and winding up with a desert of whipped cream and sugar wafers, all excellent of their kind and delightfully served, but still not giving one exactly a sense of repletion.



NY ONE looking for special significance in the choice of "Penelope" for the title will be disappointed, as it refers to nothing but the given name of the heroine. She is a young wife who over-dotes on her husband to the point of driving him into infidelity. He is a young doctor and uses his professional occupation to cloak his goings and comings. Just how she becomes aware of the intrigue the author leaves to the imagination of the audience. But she comes of a worldly-wise family, and under the guidance of an astute father she manages to work out her domestic salvation to her complete satisfaction and by methods that supply opportunities for laughable lines and situations. The sight of the heroine and her disliked rival mourning and weeping over the death of an imaginary patient who never existed and therefore never died, both of the ladies being aware of these facts, is a scene of the purest comedy and Mr. Maugham handles it delightfully. His final disposition of the unpopular female Lothario by landing her on an uncle of the heroine, who is a sad rogue, but who manifests his innocent intentions toward her by the statement that he has a high sense of honor and is fifty-three years of age, is a fine bit of dramatic in-



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WHO WOULD SHATTER HIS FAITH IN DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS?

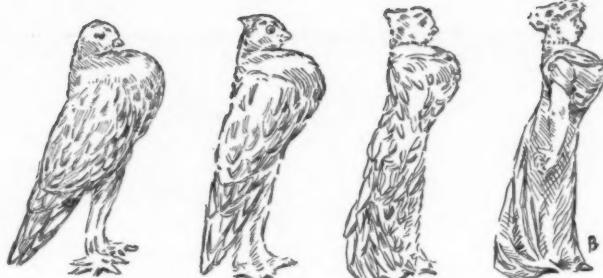
genuity, giving a touch of completeness to the whole play. He also leaves the deceived wife in complete control of the situation, and it is pretty apparent that her husband's future is not going to be one directed solely by himself. This is pleasing as he has shown himself rather unworthy of his wife's earlier devotion and it seems only just that he should find an occasional thorn in his bed of roses.

"Penelope" will be found—with the exception of a risky line or two—a perfectly polite and sufficiently amusing comedy. Mr. Maugham never introduces low-life into his plays, except as well-trained and unobtrusive servants who are themselves quite familiar with the ways of good society. The piece

makes no call on high intelligence and is just the thing agreeably to fill in the time between a not too long dinner and an early supper.



Of course Marie Tempest is a delightful comedienne and the part of *Penelope* suits her admirably. She occasionally indulges in a sprightly movement or grimace that brings back her former days of comic opera, but in her straight comedy she has a finish and a surety of method rarely seen on our stage, and which at times recalls Mme. Rejane at her best. She realizes the breeding the author meant to give her in picturing her father as an astute



THE EVOLUTION OF A POUTER WOMAN

person with a sense of dry humor and her mother as possessing the conventional British virtues.

Unfortunately the English company that supports her is not in all respects quite up to the mark. The part of her husband, *Dr. O'Farrell*, is a most important foil for her work and is entrusted to Mr. Philip Desborough who labors under physical disadvantages of appearance, manner and voice which make us wonder how he could ever have been selected for any but character parts. Mabel Trevor, as *Mrs. Ferguson*, the supposedly fascinating beauty and lurer of husbands, also makes us wonder at the selection. Mr. Herbert Ross, as the canny father of the heroine, was a more fortunate choice, and made his part thoroughly credible. The uncle, as depicted by Mr. Draycott, was amusing, but rather more of a bounder than one could imagine, "calling duchesses by their first names" and "the most popular dinner-guest in London." The minor parts were excellent, the *Peyton* of Nannie Bennett making one ask one's self whether it is possible that such perfect parlor-maids really exist in England in these days of rampant Socialism and Suffragism.

whole thing is perfunctory and to be gotten through with as speedily as possible. The English comedienne comes almost to the centre of the stage, inclines head and body gracefully and her face bears an expression of frank pleasure which is a little speech in itself. It seems to say: "I am frankly and not presumptuously pleased myself that you recognize the effort I have made to please you, and I am really gratified that you understand and like me."

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"St. Elmo." Notice later.

Astor—"Seven Days." Three acts of continuous laughter. Belasco—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" Our suburbanites turned to the purposes of lively comedy.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Most merry farce constructed on new lines.

Broadway—"The Midnight Sons." Funny musical farce.

Casino—"The Girl and the Wizard." Mr. Sam Bernard is the leading feature in diverting musical farce.

Comedy—"The Melting Pot." Mr. Israel Zangwill's demonstration that America is the Mecca of the Jews.

Criterion—Last week of "Israel." Bernstein's dramatic joke on the French anti-Semites and Catholics.

Daly's—"The Belle of Brittany." Mr. Frank Daniels making fun in tuneful musical piece.

Empire—Miss Maude Adams in Mr. Barrie's satirical "What Every Woman Knows." Beginning Christmas evening.

Garden—"His Name on the Door." Drama with fake insurance as the motive. Holds the attention.

Garrick—"The Harvest Moon." Mental suggestion interestingly exploited as dramatic material.

Hackett—"Cameo Kirby," with Mr. Dustin Farnum. Notice later.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields and large company in agreeably performed musical farce.

Hippodrome—Water spectacle, ballet and circus features.

Hudson—Last week of "Arsène Lupin." French drama amusingly depicting contest of wits between detective and thief.

Lyceum—Marie Tempest in Mr. Maugham's "Penelope." See above.

Lyric—"The Chocolate Soldier." "Arms and the Man" used as topic for libretto for tuneful Viennese score.

Manhattan Opera House—Repertory of grand opera.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Forbes-Robertson's delightful acting in Mr. Jerome's interesting mystical play.

New Theatre—Repertory of dramas and minor operas.

Savoy—Last week of "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Excellent performance by Miss Anglin and good company.

Stuyvesant—"The Lily." Notice later.

Wallack's—"The Fourth Estate." The newspaper as a dramatic property strongly displayed.

Weber's—"The Goddess of Liberty." Notice later.

A BOUT ninety-eight per cent. of American actresses should see Marie Tempest take a curtain call. We have all seen our own young women come awkwardly part way onto the stage and bob their heads or nod with a sort of half-contemptuous, half-bored expression, and a smirk as much as to say that the spectators are silly to be amused and that the



THREE PICTURES WITH BUT ONE TITLE

PRESSING HIS SUIT

Elmore E. Egan

03



LIE.



Ast



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No Connection With Any Other Establishment)

LAST Saturday, while we were sitting in our private office absorbed in some of the vast matrimonial problems that are constantly presenting themselves, the door opened and a delegation of our customers appeared on the scene, bearing in front a magnificent silver cup as a Christmas gift. On the cup was tastefully and appropriately engraved that good old motto:

"Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men," a phrase more truly symbolic of our profession than any other in the annals of literature.

It is needless to say that we were overwhelmed, not only by the magnificence of this princely gift, but by the spirit of gratitude that prompted it. It was the result of spontaneous offerings from some of our best customers scattered all over the country.

The gentleman who had been chosen the speaker for the occasion—one who was cured by our three months' course, and has ever since had his wife completely under his control—made a speech that brought the tears to our eyes. He said that this happy Christmas season was one peculiarly appropriate to show us their appreciation; as many homes throughout the land had been blessed by the good offices of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau, and that many a poor husband, who might be wandering around practically homeless, was now, thanks to us, monarch of all that he surveyed. He called attention to the wonderful cheapness of our course, considering the benefits received, and hoped that all husbands who were having trouble of any kind would communicate with us before it was too late. He laid great stress on the fact that no husband could feel secure, even if he had no unpleasantness in his home life, and that the only safe thing was for all to join the Bureau.

A copy of his speech has been neatly printed and on receipt of ten cents will be sent by mail, together with a prospectus for the coming year. Or, for the small sum of one dollar, we will send an edition de luxe of our Galaxy of Beauties, together with the speech, the prospectus and the full programme of our entertainment committee, besides one coupon in our Seeing-the-Tenderloin Automobile, which entitles the bearer to a free ride at any hour of the day or night. This offer is good only for thirty days. We have never made such an offer before, but this testimonial to



THINGS ALWAYS SEEM WORSE AT NIGHT

our humble efforts, together with the spirit of Christmas, have carried us completely off our feet. We advise everybody to take advantage of it before it is too late. We shall probably never repeat it.

To return to the speech, it is needless to say that it brought tears to our eyes, and for a moment we were so overwhelmed that we could frame no fitting words to reply. We managed to say, however, that we were too much overcome to do anything more than utter our heartfelt thanks for the wonderful gift, and to assure everybody, all reports from rival concerns to the contrary, that we should keep on the good work as long as we had health and strength.

The cup now occupies a conspicuous place in our office.

This leads us to call special attention to our Unique Christmas Course for husbands who feel the need at this season of the year for something of this sort. Many a husband, who gets along all right with his wife the rest of the year, finds the burden too hard to bear at Christmas. Our course, briefly outlined, teaches you how to avoid all shopping expeditions, how to dispose of relatives, what to give your wife, and how to prevent her from presenting you with anything whatsoever that you will have to use afterwards at a loss of self-respect. We don't go much on statistics,



TWO DOGS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.
TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.



"IS IT HEAVEN, MOTHER?"

at the same time we call attention to the fact that four years ago it was estimated that on Christmas morning over thirty thousand husbands in this country were sitting before their fires absolutely obliged to smoke the cigars their wives had presented them, and not only this, but declaring at the same time that they didn't see, for the life of them, how their respective wives ever knew how to select such a fine brand. We are glad to say that during this period, thanks to our conscientious efforts, this pathetic spectacle has been reduced, the number this year being estimated roughly at only four thousand.

We have received the following:

Dear Sir:

Having been recommended to your bureau, I write to ask if you can prevent my wife from presenting me with a Christmas present of a red flannel bathrobe. From all signs I am led to believe that this is what is coming to me. She has been hinting that during the cold of the early morning nothing is so healthful and warm as red flannel, and that a long sweeping robe is a constant friend. I know from the way she acts what the result is going to be. Of course I cannot throw cold water on this project, coming as it does from a loving partner, but between you and me I have no desire to present every morning during the coming winter the appearance of a Roman Cardinal in Rome's palmiest days as I wend my royal way to the bathroom in full view of the waitress dusting the hall. What will you charge for this service?

Yours, K—— W——

We beg to call the attention of this correspondent, and all others, to the fact that he will be obliged to take the full course. We do not treat isolated cases. It has been our experience that a difficulty of this kind, while seemingly localized, is in reality indicative of a widespread incompatibility which is bound to crop out later. We will venture to observe that two or three years from now, unless our friend

places himself at once under our complete charge, he will have something worse to bother him than a red flannel bathrobe.

Delays are dangerous. Better insure yourself against the future and join the bureau.

Every husband needs us sooner or later.

Open your heart freely. All confidences respected. Call, write or wire.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

A Principle Involved

MR. CARLO DE FORNARO, who was recently convicted in New York of the crime of having libelled certain people in Mexico, and who was sent to prison for one year as expiation thereof, has had the bad taste to object to his sentence.

Mr. de Fornaro must be laboring under the delusion that we are still in that chrysalitic condition of embryological decrepitude where we can afford to offer refuge to fugitives from world powers which have reduced tyranny to a system.

No, sir, you are behind the times. The United States is now a world power in its own right, and we world powers must stand together. An injury to the least world power is the concern of all, and the officials at Washington have been altogether too lax in their pursuit of the defamers of Czar Nicholas of Russia, King Leopold of Belgium, Alfonso of Spain, President Diaz of Mexico, and Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE LATEST BOOKS



IN the days of our youth a good deal of time and much language is devoted to impressing upon us the fact that when we have an irksome task to perform it is good philosophical economy to get it out of the way before turning to pleasant duties that are half a privilege. And so, being under the necessity of taking cognizance sooner or later of two literary disappointments, let us by all means advert to them and pass on to more heartening matter.

THE first of these disappointments (and it is hardly necessary to note that an accomplished disappointment presupposes an antecedent expectation) is H. G. Wells's *Ann Veronica*. Mr. Wells, whose imaginative visualizations of things as they might be have always disclosed an intimate familiarity with things as they are, has led us, by his last and most effective work, *Tono Bungay*, to look to him for a singularly sensitive and sensible interpretative application of this familiarity to contemporary fiction. And when we discover that *Ann Veronica* is a young woman of parts whom the unrest of the times and a study of biology have inoculated with the virus of individualistic revolt and a working belief in the laws of natural selection as opposed to the restrictions of convention, we naturally hope for a clear-eyed and illuminative study of the results of her rash but most human experiment. But Mr. Wells, either because he loses enthusiasm for a situation that after all he has made only intermittently alive, or because of a developed tenderness for his really loveable heroine, has ended her adventure by legally whitewashing her indiscretion, and so not only turns a prospective study in human nature into a decidedly sordid romance, but ignominiously begs his own question, if, as we at first imagine, he ever intended to ask one.

THE other case in point is *The Florentine Frame*, by Elizabeth Robins. No appreciative reader of this author's original and creative work in *A Dark Lantern* could fail to prick up the ears of expectation on hearing of a new and confidently heralded work from her pen. But with the best will in the world—indeed, with a desire that hoped against deferred hope until the very end—the present commentator has been made to find in the book, aside from some effective delineations of minor characters, anything but another failure to make humanly and dramatically appealing a situation that recent fiction has more than once made shipwreck upon. This situation involves an intellectual and sentimental passion between a young man

of genius and an older woman of cultured and critical responsiveness. In the present case the older woman has a daughter who complicates the plot and precipitates the dénouement by falling in love with genius, or, rather, with propinquity, herself. And this daughter is freshly observed and understandingly presented, as are also some of the other contributory characters. But the main issue, while constructively dramatic and of course patently possible, is emotionally sterile in its working out.

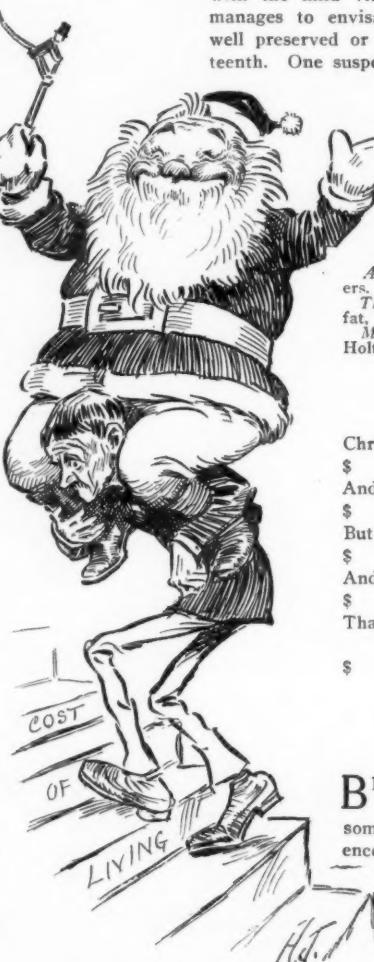
MARGARITA'S SOUL, or, as the author much more descriptively sums up his performance in the subtitle, "The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty," is a piece of fiction that makes a pleasant, an exhilarating and yet a restful companion for one's leisure. Somehow the name of Ingraham Lovell on the cover is unconvincing and one is not surprised to hear rumors of unacknowledged authorship; but we shall doubtless learn the truth in time, and will scarcely worry if we don't. Meanwhile the author, whoever he may be, has cut the oil of a pretty and alluring sentiment with the mild vinegar of a gracious worldly wisdom, and manages to envisage the early twentieth century with the well preserved or the well simulated spirit of the mid-nineteenth. One suspects him of holding a brief for the "old" woman against the "new," but he doesn't argue it (for which we are thankful), and one feels, upon laying down the book, that much as one has enjoyed the fancied company of the writer's characters, one has enjoyed, most of all, the commentative company of the writer himself.

Ann Veronica, by H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
The Florentine Frame, by Elizabeth Robins. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50.
Margarita's Soul, by Ingraham Lovell. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Christmas

(Reading between the lines)

Christmas comes but once a year,
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 And is supposed to bring good cheer;
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 But presents are so very dear,
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 And some we get so awful queer,
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 That most of us regard the day with nervous
 fear.
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 CHORUS
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$



"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A
 YEAR"—THANK GOODNESS

BRIGGS: Don't you think we ought to do something every Christmas to benefit somebody—to help some poor soul along and encourage him to feel that he is not lost?

GRIGGS: I certainly do. I'm thinking of asking Tammany Hall to take Christmas dinner with me.

JONES (at the ball, to Mrs. Catterson): How beautifully your daughter sits out her dances!



FOILED

Mr. Brown: LIGHT THE FIRE, PLEASE, BRIDGET.
The New Maid: OH-HO! SURE, YE DON'T CATCH ME THAT
AISY, WID YER MISTLETOE!

Issues Wanted

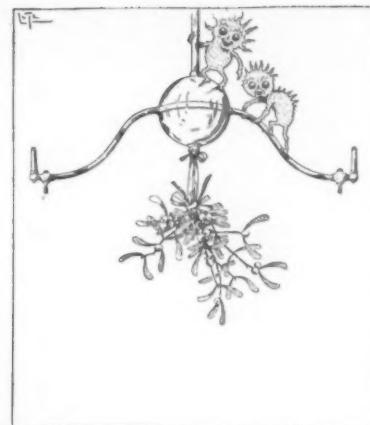
WHAT this country needs above all things is issues—good, healthy issues; issues that can be recognized without waiting for the newspapers to come out; issues that will make us put up our money and then fight to win it; issues in which we are vitally interested.

Several things conclusively prove the presence of this crying need. The most notable is the recent polar controversy. What an interest we took in that! But it was not because we really cared. It was because, in the absence of something better, any issue would do. Why do we sit shivering at a football game or wear ourselves out standing in front of a bulletin board? Simply because we are allowing the players to be our proxies in

the best issue we can get hold of at the moment. So with baseball, pugilism, etc., always provided, however, it is something that our poor minds can comprehend.

In the same way we fight at election time trying to make Republican demerits look like merits in order to stand them off against Democratic demerits, and *vice versa*. But all these are make-believe. They are not issues the like of which our forefathers enjoyed and which we are wont to revere in history, such as slavery and that other little affair in which the Boston Tea Party figured.

A civilization which has become so effete that it cannot raise an issue is in a bad way indeed.



Microbe: IS THIS THE PLACE, BROTHER?
"YES, SEE THE MISTLETOE BELOW. THERE'LL BE SOMETHING DOING FOR US IN A FEW MINUTES."

Ballade of Old Christmas Presents

WHERE are the cards of rainbow hue,
 The calendars, both "art" and gay,
 The perfume sachets, pink and blue,
 The fancy mantel vases, pray?
 The gilded clocks in glad array,
 The book-marks bearing "Xmas cheer,"
 The roses modeled out of clay—
 Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

Where is the urn that would not brew,
 The music never made to play,
 The ornamental china shoe,
 The pillowshams' inwrought display?
 Where is the silver hairbrush, say,
 The stein that held a keg of beer,
 The padded copy of *Omar K.*—
 Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

In the sordid ashheap, hid from view,
 The most have ended their little day;
 In the garbage pail and the rag-bag, too,
 A lot were quietly stowed away;
 And some were posted without delay
 To distant cousins and aunties dear:
 Scathed and scattered and worn and gray—
 Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

Lady, as through the shops you stray,
 'Mid tawdry tinsel and slick veneer,
 Ask yourself this, as your coin you pay:
 Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

LADY (in modern book store): I wish to see all of the latest books.
 SALESMAN: Very well, madam. Will you kindly step on board this scenic railway?



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Her Winter Garb

Woman likes a contrast
When the weather's rough;
Rather believes
In elbow sleeves
Coupled with a muff.

Woman likes a contrast
When a freeze occurs;
Has a quirk
For open work
Worn with heavy furs.
—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Process of Civilization

"Why do we send missionaries to the savages?" asked a man.
"To civilize them."
"What good does that do them?"
"It educates them out of habits of idleness."
"And what then?"
"They go to work."
"What do they work for?"
"To become prosperous and rich."



AS CHRISTMAS SEEMS TO PAPA

"What good does prosperity do them?"

"It procures them leisure and comfort."

"Which was what they had before you started stirring them up. What's the use?"—Cleveland Leader.

She Had a Better Plan

It was the dreamy hour after Christmas dinner and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name each of them after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H-m," said Sophie, "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then if he doesn't pop you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bargain

NELL: Isn't she a peculiar girl? She wouldn't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him.

BELLE: Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced.—Tit-Bits.

CUSTOMER: Is this an up-to-date doll?

CLERK: Yes, madam; it says, "Votes for women."—Harper's Bazar.

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and reviving; on the
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Send postal for booklet on top materials, and sample with which to compare when buying, and prevent substitution.

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Automobile Trunks, Luncheon Baskets.
Fur Garments, Steamer Rugs.
Dressing Gowns, Breakfast Jackets.
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Illustrated Christmas Catalogue on request.

BROADWAY COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

Great Christmas Issue
of Life

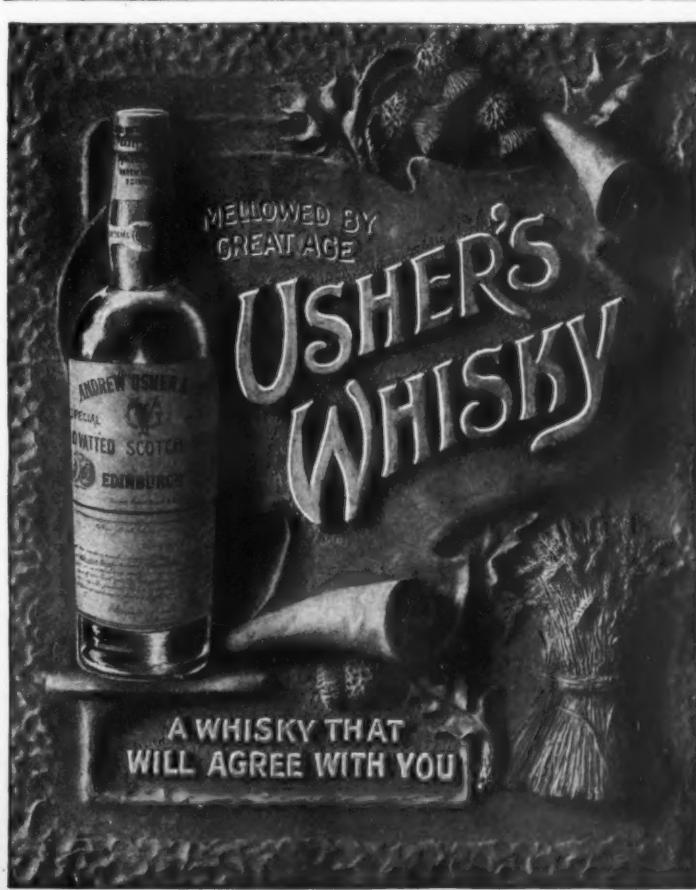
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Miss It?



If, by any possibility you did, if you can't get it at your News-stand, Don't Delay, But send to us at once for a copy. This Is the Largest and Best Number of Life In the Year. Over Eighty Pages.

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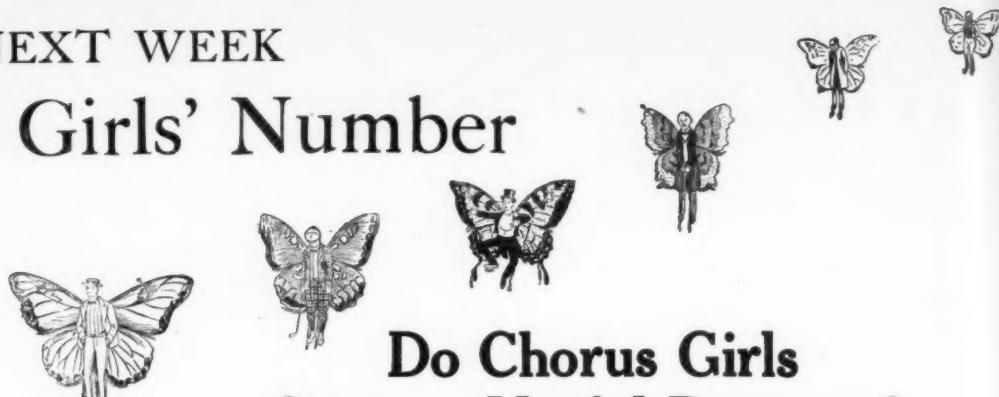


MELLOWED BY
GREAT AGE

USHER'S
WHISKY

A WHISKY THAT
WILL AGREE WITH YOU

NEXT WEEK
Chorus Girls' Number



Do Chorus Girls
Serve a Useful Purpose?

This is a question that every true-born American has asked himself, at one time or another.

It is a question that ought to be settled, once and for all.

We may not hope to evade it. We must grasp the subject firmly; we must sit in the baldheaded row and focus our minds on it; but we must not allow ourselves to be carried away with it.

Chorus girls have come to be recognized as one of our great natural resources. In 1850, according to the Bureau of Statistics, the number of chorus girls actively engaged in providing mental nourishment for the élite, was only 600. Last year it had increased to 60,000.

Have our national defences increased in proportion? And in case we were invaded by an army of foreigners could we protect our interests?

Fortunately LIFE's immense pictorial and literary resources are available, and next week the whole affair will be settled. When the Chorus Girls' Number is out, we shall all know where we stand.

We shall prove, to the satisfaction of all patriots, that just because our

chorus girls are kicking all the time, is no reason why they are pessimists.

This number is going to be a lallapalooza. (Need we expatriate?)

It is really shocking. (We whisper this confidentially.)

It is a startler. (We blush as we write these words.)

OUR MOTTO

You can lead a chorus girl to fire-water, but you cannot make her think.

COMING

Jan. 6.—Great Auto Number. Cover by Phillips.
All records broken in this number.

Jan. 13.—Just plain LIFE. Cover by Von Dresser.

Jan. 20.—Spinsters'. Cover by Hutt. A Squeezer.

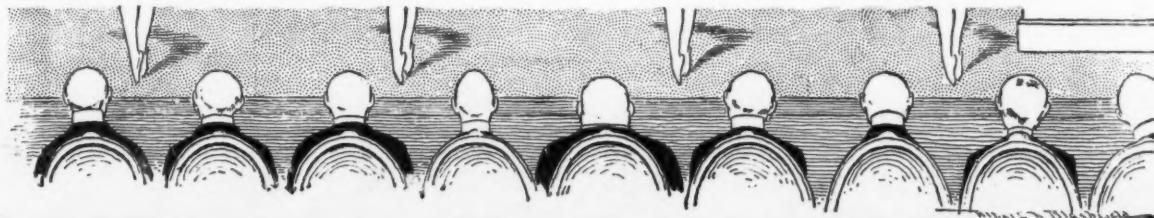
Jan. 27.—Another Regular. Cover by Phillips.

Feb. 3.—Lincoln. Cover by Harting. This is practically a general number. We call it Lincoln, because of Mr. Harting's great cover—an impressive picture of Lincoln.

Feb. 10.—Valentine. Cover by Irvin. Same old love themes. We wonder if people will ever get tired of this sort of thing? We hope you will have the bad taste to enjoy this number.

Feb. 17.—Motor Boat. Cover not now determined upon. This motor boat number is a serious problem. We are doing it, as we said last week, to please the advertising department. We hope they will like it.

AU REVOIR!



"Well begun is half done."

You add considerably to the value of your tooth cleaning by using

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder,

The popular English dentifrice—which gives such a thorough antiseptic cleansing to the entire surface of the teeth that are used, and a bright polish, too, for those that show.

15 cents at your druggist. Sample and Booklet free from Park & Tilford, F. C. Calvert & Co., Calvert's Depot, Broadway, Manchester, Dorchester St., ENGLAND, NEW YORK, MONTREAL.

His Role

"That man made an immense fortune out of a simple little invention."
"Indeed; what did he invent?"
"Invent; nothing you dub; he was the promoter."—*Cleveland Leader*.



"BEAN SOUP, SIR?"
"ER—YES, IN MY EARLY DAYS, FAIR MAID."

Would a gentleman of highest social standing who frequents the best restaurants and clubs,—such as Delmonico's and Sherry's, and who has a fairly large acquaintance with the patrons, care to earn a liberal revenue, without in any way becoming identified with the proposed business or obligated as to his time? If so, kindly address as below, making appointment to meet an officer of the company interested, at any time or place, indicating how recognition shall be accomplished. Address

"GENTLEMAN,"
Care LIFE Office, New York City.

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You don't have to say *please* to your comb and brush—your wash basin and your towel—you simply *use* them.

Shaving, to be sure, is a finer operation—but you should be able to shave without thinking much about it.

You can if you buy a Gillette.

The average Gillette user can shave in three minutes and read the headlines

in the morning paper—and by the average user we do not mean a man here and there but all sorts of men, with all sorts of beards, in all parts of the world—three million of them.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months. It costs \$5.00—and it lasts a lifetime.

No stropping—no honing.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a travelling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

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After the Mass Play

"How's yer boy doin' at college, Cy?"

"Fust rate. He hopes to be out o' the hospital sometime afore Christmas."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

This Winter Go to Porto Rico

The voyage from New York is about four and a half days by our luxuriously equipped steamers. The bracing climate, tropical at a time when it is bitter cold here, makes it an ideal Winter resort.

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LIFE

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“ Baltimore	5.52 “	3.00 “	6.05 “	6.06 “
Ar. Washington	6.55 “	4.05 “	7.10 “	7.12 “
Lv. Washington	7.00 “	4.25 “	7.25 “	10.05 “
Ar. Southern Pines		2.19 am	6.36 am	7.51 pm
“ Pinehurst			7.00 “	8.00 “
“ Camden	6.40 am	5.20 “	10.06 “	11.03 “
“ Columbia	7.40 “	6.20 “	11.15 “	12.10 am
“ Savannah	10.15 “	9.15 “	2.50 pm	3.20 “
“ Jacksonville	2.00 pm	1.30 pm	7.30 “	7.45 “
“ Tampa			6.30 am	5.30 pm
Lv. Jacksonville	*2.40 “	*2.40 “	8.30 pm	9.00 am
Ar. St. Augustine	3.40 “	3.40 “	9.35 “	10.00 “
“ Ormond	6.11 “	6.11 “	12.10 am	12.35 pm
“ Daytona	6.22 “	6.22 “	12.21 “	12.45 “
“ Palm Beach	12.45 am	12.45 am	7.10 “	6.40 “
“ Miami	2.50 “	2.50 “	10.00 “	9.00 “
“ Knights Key	7.10 “	7.10 “	3.15 pm	-----
Lv. Knights Key	†7.30 “	†7.30 “	†3.30 “	-----
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NEW YORK



Genealogical

SHE: How far can your ancestry be traced?

HE: Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.—*Pittsburgh Observer*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

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A man very much intoxicated was taken to the police station.

“ Why did you not bail him out? ” inquired a bystander of a friend.

“ Bail him out? ” exclaimed the other. “ Why, you couldn’t pump him out! ”—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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Accommodates 400.

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A YEAR ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

“ What do you want? ” he asked.

“ Want me pay raised.”

“ What are you getting? ”

“ T’ree dollars a week.”

“ Well, how much do you think you are worth? ”

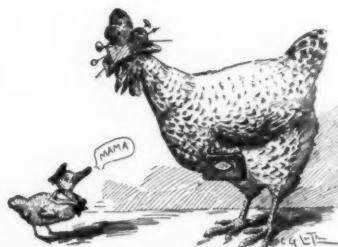
“ Four dollars.”

“ You think so, do you? ”

“ Yes sir, an’ I’ve been t’inkin’ so for t’ree weeks, but I’ve been so blamed busy I ain’t had time to speak to you about it.”

The boy got the raise.—*Success*.

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Rhymed Reviews

"The Danger Mark"

(By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co.)

Our Hero, handsome, blond and big,
A Wenzell-tailored modern viking,
Is such a self-sufficient prig,
He dearly needs judicious kicking.

While kissing servants, wives and
maids,
And painting most amazing pictures,
He nicknames shovels "damned old
spades,"
Dispensing inconsistent strictures.

And railing, till one hopes he'll choke,
Against his friends, absurdly
wealthy,
Who play at games that vulgar folk
Consider morally unhealthy.

Our Heroine, compelled to fight
Hereditary dipsomania,
Adorns this social circle—(quite
. Like some in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania).

Yes, Geraldine is sadly prone
To sip the cup that bears the eyeballs;
(She turned from milk to straight
cologne,
Then weaned herself on slings and
high-balls).

The Demon Rum with all his train,
The Pink Baboon and Ring-tailed
Hisser,
Pursued her steps; when young Duane,
Our Patent Universal Kisser,



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It goes by your door. Every Home, every office, every factory, and every farm in the land is on that great highway or within reach of it. It is a highway of communication, and every Bell Telephone is a gateway by which it can be reached.

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The Bell service carries the thoughts and wishes of the people from room to room, from house to house, from community to community, and from state to state.

This service adds to the efficiency of each citizen, and multiplies the power of the whole nation.

The Bell system brings eighty million men, women and children into one telephone commonwealth, so that they may know one another and live together in harmonious understanding.

A hundred thousand Bell employees are working all the time on this highway of communication. Every year it is made longer and broader, and its numerous branches are more widely extended. Every year it is furnished with a larger number of telephone gateways and becomes the means of greater usefulness.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone will meet your new needs and serve your new purposes. It means — one policy, one system, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the center of the System.

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No. 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee, Paris.



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Appeared to fondle, preach and win.
A merry dance awhile she led him,
Then stamped upon her darling sin—
In short, reformed herself to wed him.

Our Villain also liked to kiss,
But proved as bad as several Neros;
Which goes to show that sports like this
Are wrong for Villains, right for Heroes.

Arthur Guiterman.

LIFE

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We Stand Corrected

DEAR LIFE:

What particular breed of hens *cluck* when they lay eggs, a la illustration on page 843 on Dec. 9th issue of LIFE?

My hens *cluck* to call their chickens and *cackle* when they lay eggs.

Yours,

MRS. E. B. SHINGHAM.

FISHKILL PLAINS, N. Y., DEC. 9.

And here we have been raising chickens for four years and knew better than this ourselves.

(Continued on page 931)

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Try the Hadad. A better cigarette for less money. Direct by mail — no middleman's profit for you to pay. Positively pure Turkish Leaf. **Paid 100 for \$1.50** and guaranteed at that. Send your order now.

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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 930)

Well, Did You Ever?

EDITOR LIFE, NEW YORK.

Gentlemen:—Graft is the order of the day, and LIFE has to be in the swim. Charging 25 cents for the Christmas LIFE when it does not differ, either in size or quality, from the average number, except in the volume of advertising carried, is as bare-faced a hold-up as that of the road agent, who pokes a gun in your face and relieves you of your money and your watch. There! I feel better, and hope your appreciate the iniquity of your conduct.

J. J. PANE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 30, 1909.

The Ultra Smart Set

There is a class of people in New York City of special interest to the social philosopher and to the neurologist and alienist. We are alluding to the ultra-smart set, so-called.

The women of this class are more especially interesting. They appear to be, in the main, sheltered defectives. Their facial "expression" is usually inane, vapid and suggestive of dementia praecox.

Excessive wealth surely carries its own terrible compensations. Its possessors need not be envied.

These women, and in particular the younger ones, are of poor physique and generally poorly nourished. Thus they betray a general deterioration or decadence. The older ones are better nourished but nevertheless poorly conditioned.

The appearance of these degenerates is wholly consonant with the popular conceptions regarding their methods of killing time. It fully bears out the concep-

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is the expression used by many men who know what whiskey quality means.

By calling for Old Overholt Rye they get a ripe, mellow whiskey of rare bouquet and flavor.

Ask for
Old Overholt Rye
and you will realize the significance of that word "Good."

A. Overholt & Co.
Distillers Pittsburg, Pa.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

tions, under the scrutiny of the trained medical observer.

Listen to them converse and the diagnosis is complete.

They are to be seen chiefly at certain country clubs, fashionable race tracks, hunt clubs and charity bazaars.

They not only lack talent of every sort but the most elementary faculties only are theirs. Some of them make lamentable attempts at the terpsichorean or dramatic arts among their kind, by whom they are, of course, applauded. One of them occasionally writes a book calculated to make the judicious grieve and becomes known among his set as a devil of a *littérateur*.

Charity is a common field for their exploitation.

Were it not for their wealth and the social sycophancy it engenders they would speedily come to social and psychopathic grief, for as a class they have not brains enough to entertain, edify or propitiate their fellow men on an equal plane.

Many of them become neurasthenic, or rather succumb to their congenital neurasthenia and finally are unable to live without trained nurses and a certain sort of fashionable physician who is a kind of professional Elijah, eating largely of these sacred ravens' manna. Dementia often closes the chapter.

No well-informed medical New Yorker will dispute the essential truth of the foregoing paragraphs.—*Medical Critic and Guide*.

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Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers **Tin Rollers**

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-and with it good cheer.
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100 PALL MALL, Regular Size
100 PALL MALL, King's Size
—one or both. Expressive of the
finest taste, they cannot but be
acceptable. Their cost is in
proportion to a box of ten.



“A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here”